

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, February 2. 1710.

I Have formerly spoken my Thoughts about the Difference between our present various Kinds of *Jacobites* in England; and really, I think, the Distinction ought to go on; for my part, when I have formerly seen Mr. *Rebearfal*, a professed *Non-juror*, squander away most extravagantly a great Stock of Wit and Learning, in vindicating that Part of the Church of England, which, as it may be seen now, the main Body casts off, and asserting those Doctrines, which the Church, as now apostatiz'd from true *Jacobitism*, to use their own Language, disowns and rejects; I was ready to use the Words of old *Judas*, *What needs all this Waste?*

Indeed, I know Nothing weakens the true Interest of the *Non-jurors* in Britain, more than these Renegadoes of both Parties; these *Swearing-Abjuring Jacobites*—For leaving their first Principles; they first come over, be it for the Loaves, and the Fishes, or what other End they please to pretend—But they came over, I say—The Cause is weakened by this, for tho' they really are *Jacobites*, they dare not openly say so; they dare not own themselves, upon this coming away, the honest *Jacobites* that stand stoutly to their Principles, put a lower Rate upon them immediately, and look on them, as the Apostle did upon *Demas*; as One that had forsaken them for the Love of, &c. ———

Well,

Well, now you call them *Sons of the Church*—They can swear, abjure, renounce, associate; all this they'll do till they are black in the Face—Then, as if they had eaten their Oaths, and drank after it, They fall to broaching and preaching up *Non-Resistance*, and *Passive-Obedience*, *Hereditary Succession*, and all the Principles they had formerly espous'd. Will ye be pleas'd to tell us, *Gentlemen*, what Jargon this makes—and what Lunar Grammar can teach or form this Language into Sense?—Behold openly, *I forswear and abjure King James, and his Son the Pretender*—(Aside) *God bless the young Gentleman*, here's his Health—(Again) *I shall Faith and true Allegiance bear to her Majesty Queen ANNE, SO HELP ME GOD.* (Among Friends) *God bless our young Master, and send he may sit on the Throne of his Father. Huzza! The King shall enjoy his own again, &c.*—We'll take the Oath to pieces, and who do they swear to—They recognize the Word Rightful in the Oath. *I A. B. do own and acknowledge, that her Majesty Queen Ann is the only Rightful Queen and Governour, &c.* Next Day in the Pulpit, in the Press, and Practice, declare, *Passive-Submission* and *Non-Resistance* are the *Glory of the Church of England*.

This is all doubling with God and Man—A Practice the down-right honest *Jacobites* scorn and abhor; this makes the Party particularly and remarkably contemptible on every side—Every Kind hate them—The *Jacobites* justly esteem them Traitors and Betrayers of their Consciences, and Abusers of Principle, that abandon them in their suffering Circumstances, and forsake them to eat Bread—That what they do afterward, is only the Return of their Principles, which forces them to act that Way, of which Necessity they would fain make a Virtue, and persuade their old Friends they are serving them; whereas indeed they gave the Cause a mortal Stab by deserting it, and they do not prompt its Dispatch by this double-faced Management—and like Men that cleanse Blurs with blotted Fingers, make the better Side the worse.

Thus they grow despicable on both Sides, for Hypocrites will always be so—A Syc-

phant, a double-tongu'd, side-shifting, under-hand acting Knave has always this Fate, to go on, till both Sides are ashamed of him. And indeed the *Jacobites* act very wisely in rejecting these People.—*Let them fall, say they, why did they swear?* They speak the Truth, *say they, and we stand by it, and own it—But why did they swear?* Why did they abjure this Doctrine first, and then preach it after ward?—This is the *Odium*, the Stain that many Waters will not wash out: This makes both Sides abhor them; the *Jacobites* justly look on them as Deserters, the Revolution-Party as Traitors—Those call them Turn-Coats, these Hypocrites—Those false Brethren, these no Brethren at all; in short, every Party, especially the honest Men of either Party, hate them, slight them, and are ashamed of them—Nor is it an Equivalent to the *Jacobites* for these to say, we serve your Interest—for they do it so foul a Way, that really, without Compliment to the *Jacobites*, they are too honest to accept of the Service upon the Terms.

A poor Woman had her House robb'd, and all she had taken from her, and her two Sons, to appease her Grief, tell her, such a Man could conjure, and he would help her to it all again—The Woman would gladly have her Goods again, and was in great Distress for them; but cries out, Dear Sons, I'll rather lose my Goods, than you shall go to the Devil to get them again; she was a conscientious Woman.

Really, *Gentlemen*, if you do serve the *Jacobite* Cause, you do it at a terrible Expence, you give your selves to the Devil to bring it about—And I'll do the *Jacobites* that Justice to say, that I know, a great many of them dare not accept of the Deliverance of their Cause at that Price—Nay, that expect no Deliverance for their Cause, purely because such horrid Methods are made use of to recover it—I believe, I shall be the last that shall plead for *Jacobitism*; but I never said, a *Jacobite* could not be a Christian—No, no, *Gentlemen*, I am not so narrow in my Charity; a *Jacobite*, however mistaken, may be a Man of Principle, may act from Conscience, and I know many of them, who I believe do so:

But of these People, it is impossible—
A Man cannot be a Man of Conscience, or
a Man of Honesty, or a Man of Honour,
and tread this dark Path, unless you will
call Perjury a Principle, and Hypocritie a

Point of Conscience— You must reconcile
Truth and Falshood, to bring a sweating
Jacobite into any Class of Mankind, that an
honest Man would not blush to be reckon'd
with.

MISCELLANEA.

I Lately told you of a preposterous Clamour rais'd upon the *African Trade*, and offer'd you, that as an Argument to prove, how retrograde we are acting in several Things, even in publick, as Interest, or Humour, or Party leads— Really, this is an Age, that is as ill sortet, as ever an Age was— If the Plague was to come from *Danishick*, and seize upon all our Fools and Knaves, the Living would never be able to bury the Dead.

Half the World pursue Interest, and Half pursue their blindest Inclination; and where dwell the honest wise Men? I have not one Farthing of Interest in, or one Dram of Inclination for, the present Managers of the Trade to *Africa*. In this Argument, there is no Manner of Difference to me on one side or other; let the Company show a Capacity, with exclusive Authority to secure the Trade, I am for them; let the Separate Traders tell me, but in one Article they will secure the Trade, and I'll be for them.

I hear of Books writing, or written, to defend the Cause of the Separate Traders— All Argument must be a Sophism, all the gaudy Surface of Words can be no more than a superficial Gilding over a poisonous Pill, unless they can make a Proposal, that will secure the Trade to the Nation. This I never saw offer'd at, and this I pretend to affirm, will never be done, but by an exclusive Company— But of this I shall speak more fully hereafter in its Time.

I come now to another Bill depending in the House, and that I do not find goes on so currently; and this is a Bill to preserve the Properties of Copies of Books—to the Owners thereof— And why should I doubt its going on currently, the House of

Commons were always the Guardians of Property— And this being so clear a Case, as containing nothing, but a Law to prevent Barbarity and Pyracry, I cannot see, how it can miscarry.

It was indeed suggested at first, that this was a partial Law, and was to respect none but such as had set their Names to the Petition, and that they were to have an Act to prevent other Men invading their Property, but leaving them at Liberty to invade every Body else. In short, That it was to secure the Properties of a few, and leave all the rest open: But as the Title of the Bill is general, I doubt not, the Bill is so too, and every Man's Property secur'd, as well as the few that begun it— For it can never be reasonable to leave any Man's Property in a Book, open to the Depredation of another Invader, any more than it can be lawful to command him to take off the Door of his House, and leave it open in the Night.

I could spend some Time here to let the World see, the miserable Havock that is made in this Nation, with the Property of the Subject, with Relation to Books— How the first Printer of a Book, or the Author, shall lose his Book and 100*l.* to boot, in publishing some useful elaborate Work, the Labour of Ages, and the Pyrate Bookseller or Printer shall get 100 *l.* by re-printing his Copy, and abridging it— A Work generally very coarsely and foolishly done, because few wise Men will meddle with it.

A Book is the Author's Property, 'tis the Child of his Inventions, the Brat of his Brain; if he sells his Property, it then becomes the Right of the Purchaser; if not, 'tis as much his own, as his Wife and Children are his own— But behold in this
Christian

Christian Nation, these Children of our Heads are seiz'd, captivated, spirited away, and carry'd into Captivity, and there is none to redeem them—And what must be done? The Nation groans to be eas'd of this Weight of Injustice—Why do we not rob the Hospitals, and take away the Bread from the Orphans, the Cloaths from the Indigent, the Crutches from the Lame? To print a Man's Book upon him, and getting Bread by the Right of another to his own Labour, is like the Drone in the Hive, that robs the Laborious BEE, and eats up the Labour of the Diligent—And therefore if the Bill now depending be for Redress of this Grievance, and that it is without Craft or Guile, so universal, as that all her Majesty's Subjects may be secur'd without Exception; I doubt not, the House will go through with it, and make it effectual.

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N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the said Mr. Christopher Bartlett, lives at his House in Goodman's-Fields, and is very skilful in the Business of her own Sex.